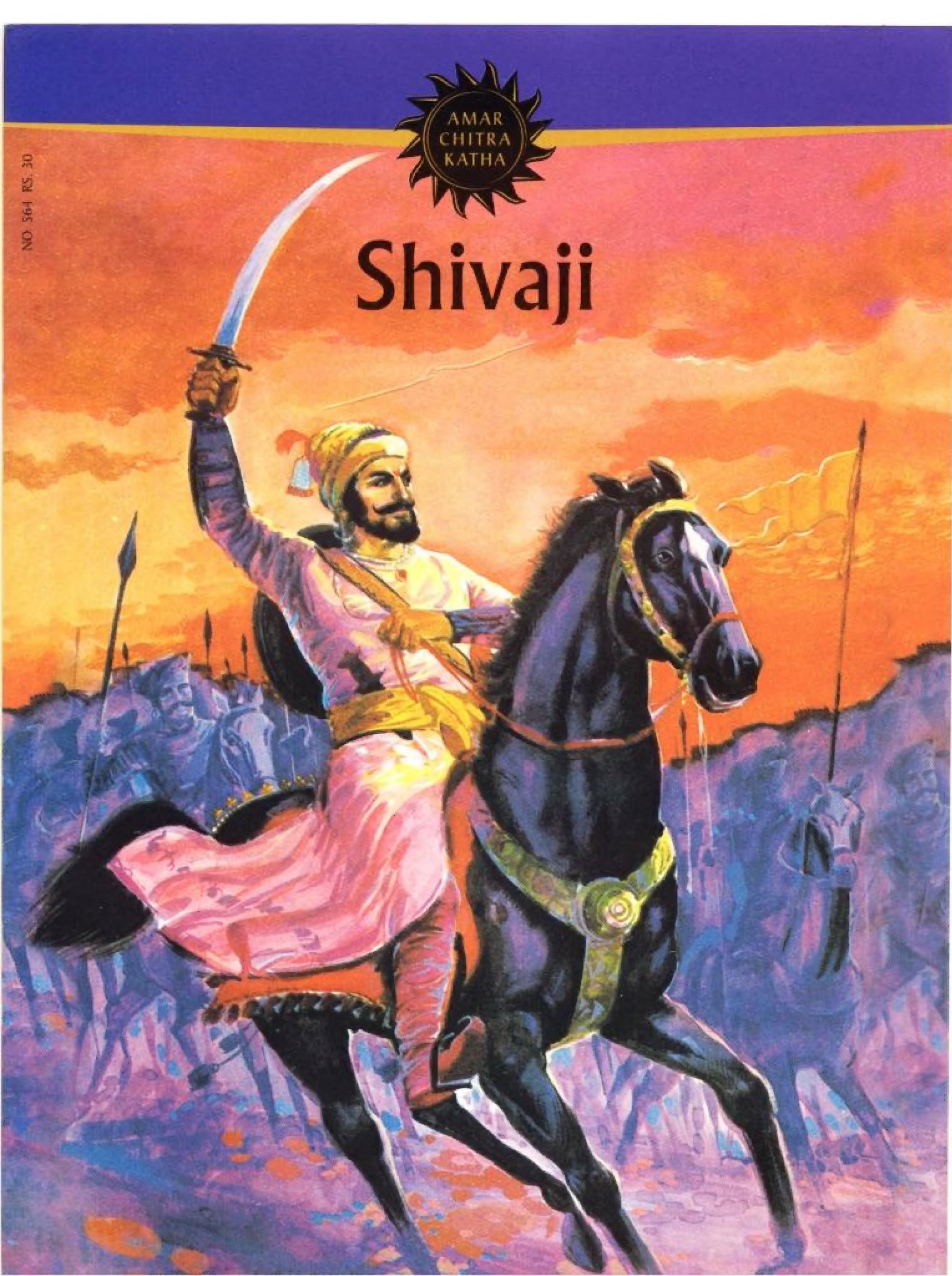


# Shivaji







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INDIA BOOK HOUSE



# SHIVAJI

IT WAS THE 19TH DAY OF FEBRUARY IN THE YEAR 1630. THE SUN WAS ABOUT TO SET, WHEN THE DRUMS IN THE FORTRESS OF SHIVNERI, IN MAHARASHTRA, PROCLAIMED THE NEWS THAT A SON WAS BORN TO JIJABAI. HER HUSBAND SHAHAJI WAS AWAY, FIGHTING BATTLES FOR THE SULTAN OF BIJAPUR. FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS THE MARATHAS HAD BEEN UNDER THE SUPPRESSION OF FOREIGN RULERS. AT THE TIME OF SHIVAJI'S BIRTH, BESIDES THE SULTAN, THERE WAS THE GREAT MUGHAL EMPEROR OF DELHI AND THE NEGRO COASTAL KING, THE SIDDHI JOHAR.







WHEN SHIVA GREW TO BE A LITTLE BOY, SHAHAJI TOOK HIM TO BIJAPUR  
AND PLACED HIM UNDER A GREAT TEACHER, DADAJI KOND-DEO.



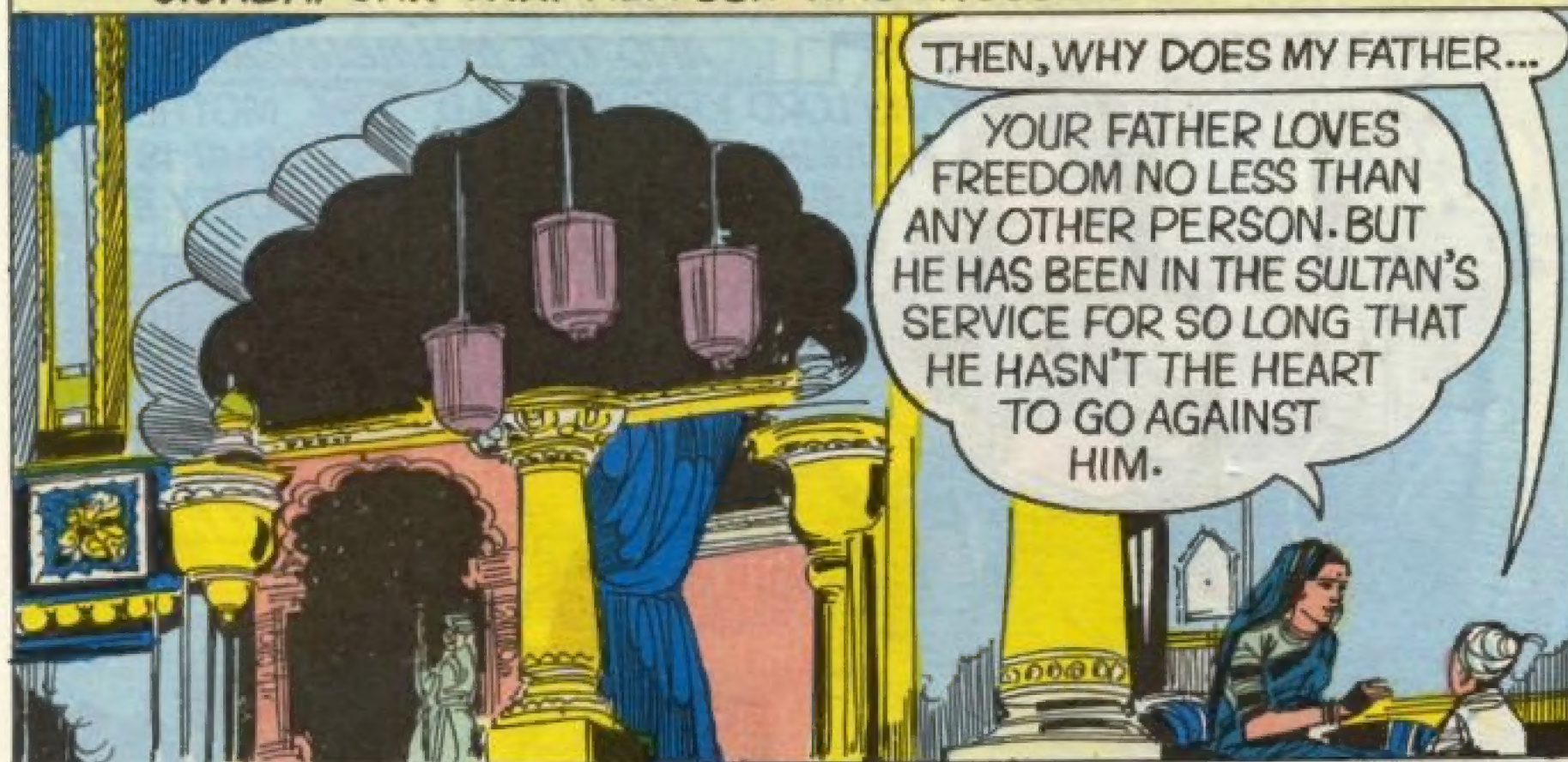








JJABAI SAW THAT HER SON WAS TROUBLED.









THOUGH APPOINTED TO COLLECT REVENUE, DADAJI BECAME THE VIRTUAL RULER OF POONA. RIGHT UNDER HIS NOSE, SHIVA MADE BOLD PLANS.



THE FIRST IMPORTANT FORT SHIVAJI CONQUERED WAS TORNA.



JIJABAI BLESSED HIS EFFORTS.





THE NEWS OF SHIVAJI'S ADVENTURES  
ANNOYED THE SULTAN.

THEY SAY. THE SULTAN HAS ARRESTED  
YOUR FATHER — TO TEACH YOU  
A LESSON.



AFZUL KHAN, THE WICKED  
COMMANDER, PUT  
HANDCUFFS ON  
SHAHAJI'S  
HANDS!

AND  
THE SULTAN  
HAS SENT AN  
ARMY  
TO ATTACK  
US!



MY FATHER  
A PRISONER!  
IT'S THE  
SULTAN  
WHO NEEDS  
TO BE  
TAUGHT A  
LESSON!

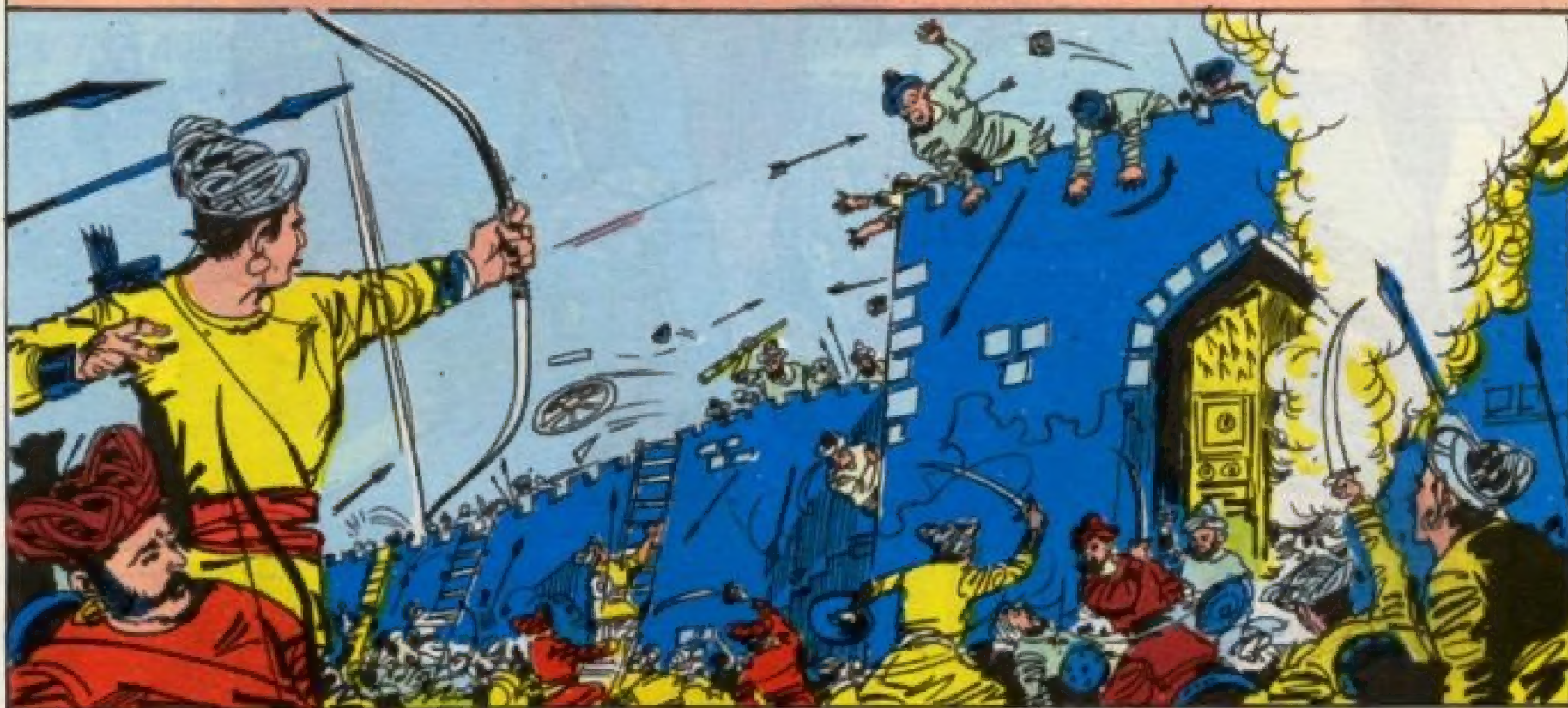


WHEN THE ARMY APPROACHED,  
SHIVAJI WAS AT FORT PURANDAR.

GO AND MEET  
THE ENEMY.

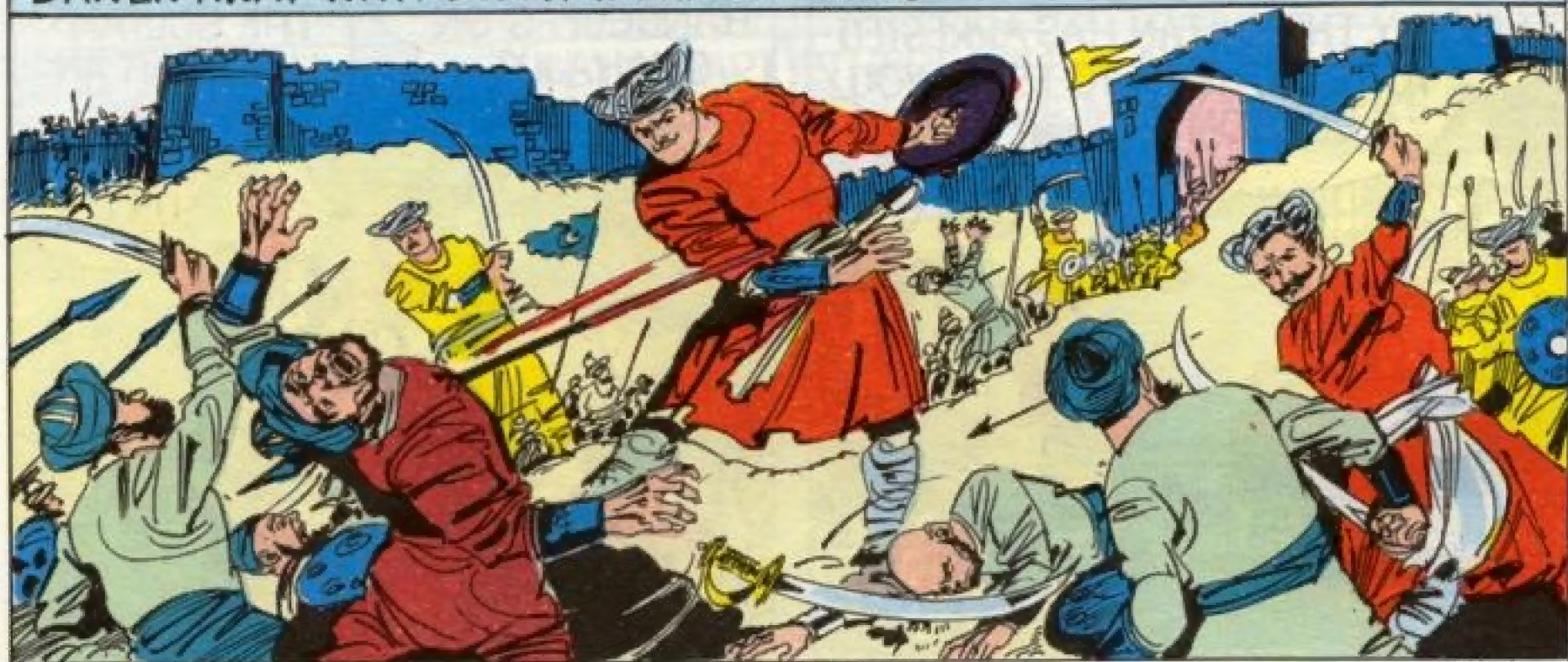


SOME OF THE ENEMY TROOPS HAD ENCAMPED IN A SMALL FORTRESS.  
SHIVAJI'S FORCES ATTACKED AND DEFEATED THEM.





AND WHEN THE ENEMY TRIED TO ATTACK THE FORT AT PURANDAR, IT WAS DRIVEN AWAY WITH EVERY MEANS AT HAND.



THE SULTAN HAD LEARNT HIS LESSON.



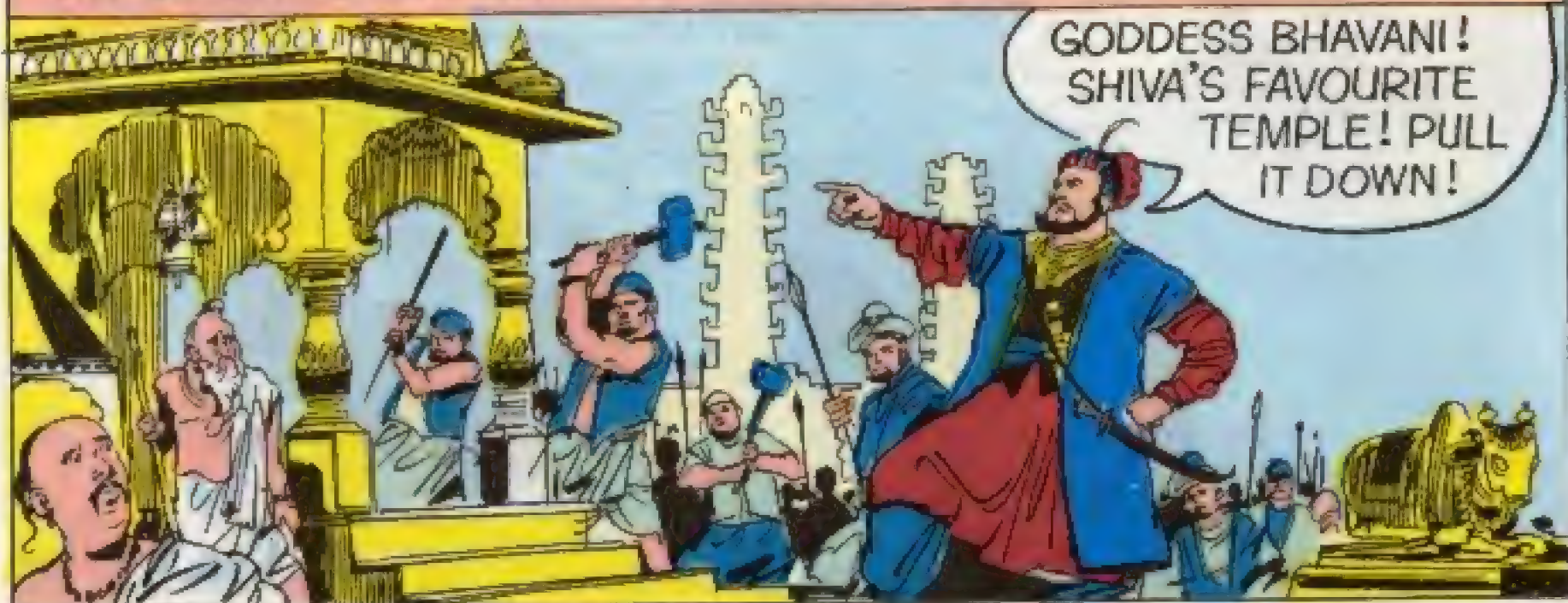
BUT VENGEANCE WAS IN THE AIR. SOON AFZUL KHAN, BIJAPUR'S MIGHTY SOLDIER STARTED WITH A HUGE ARMY AGAINST SHIVAJI.

I WILL CATCH THAT MOUNTAIN RAT — DEAD OR ALIVE!

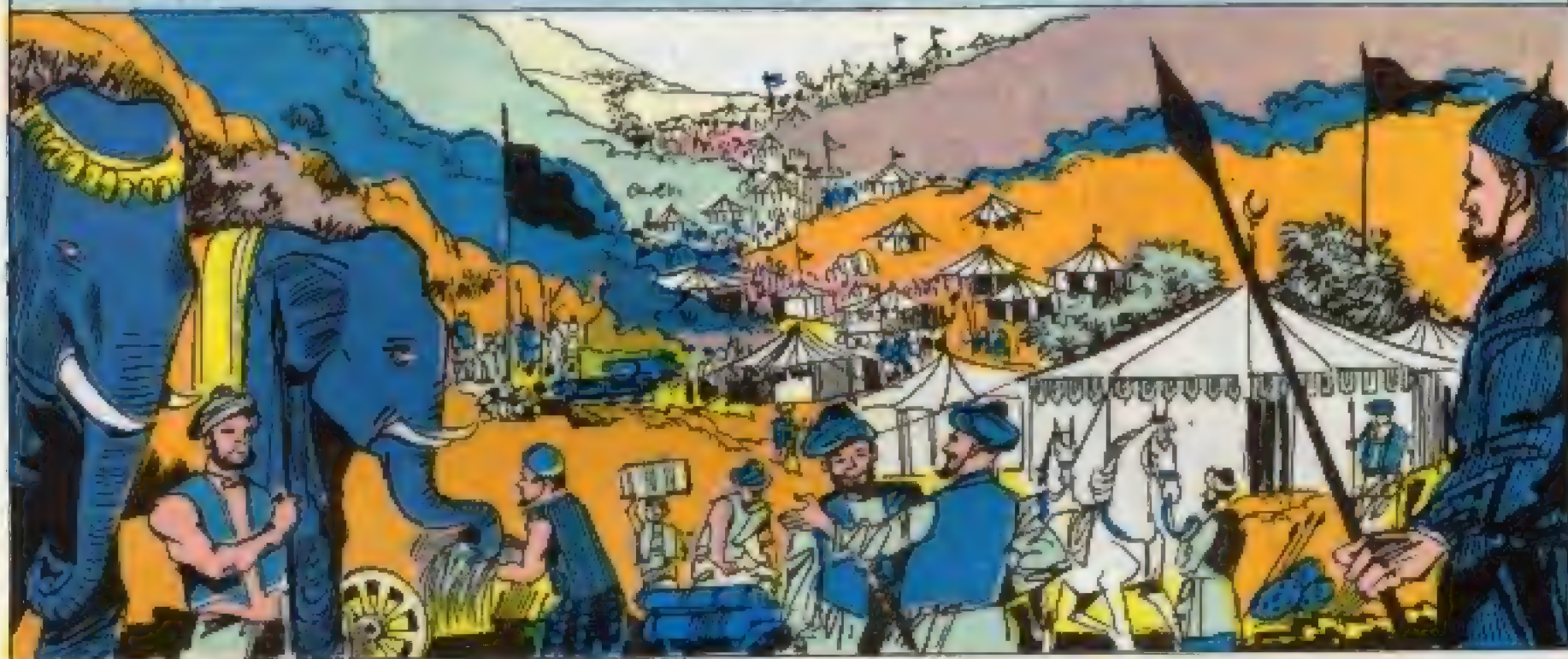




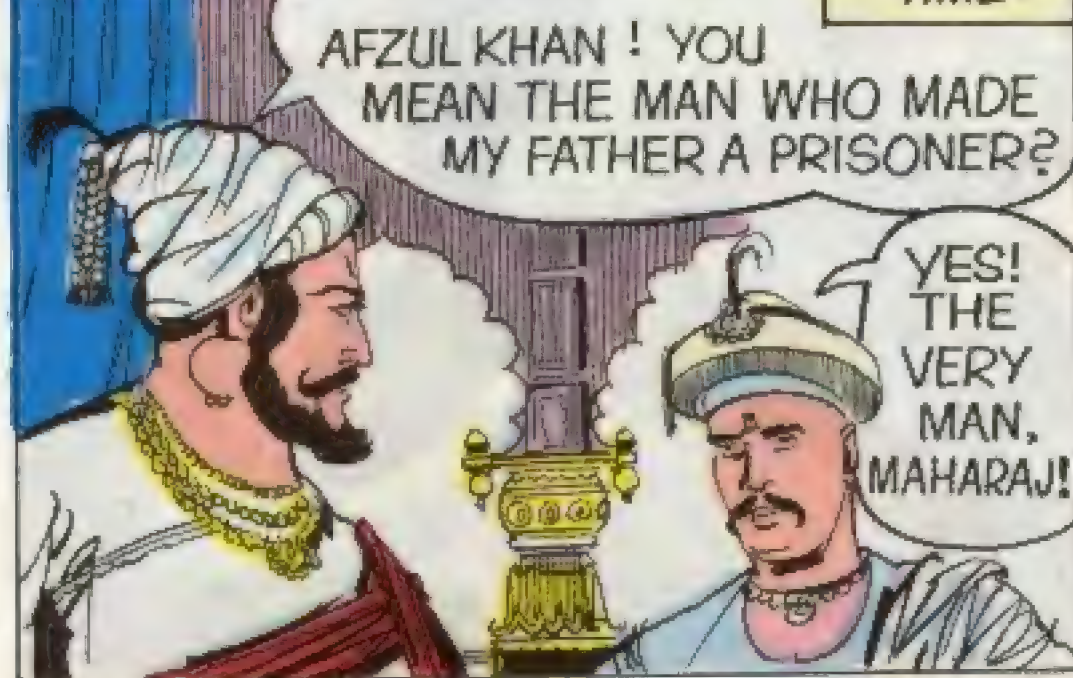
HE SWOOPED ON TOWNS AND VILLAGES SPREADING TERROR AND RUIN.



AFZUL KHAN'S ARMY THEN CAMPED IN THE MOUNTAINOUS DISTRICT OF WAI, AND PLUNDERED THE SURROUNDING VILLAGES.



IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF WAI WAS PRATAPGADH WHERE SHIVAJI WAS STATIONED AT THE TIME.



SOON AN ENVOY FROM AFZUL KHAN ARRIVED.





SHIVAJI ACTED  
TACTFULLY—

THE KHAN IS LIKE A FATHER TO ME.  
WHY DOES HE FRIGHTEN  
ME WITH HIS  
MIGHT ?



WILL YOU COME TO HIS CAMP ?

NO, SIR ! LET  
HIM COME TO PRATAP-  
GADH. I'LL STEP  
DOWN THE FORT  
HALF WAY TO  
MEET  
HIM.



MEANWHILE SHIVAJI GOT DISTURBING  
NEWS.

YOU SAY THE  
KHAN WANTS  
TO KILL ME ?  
I WILL BE  
PREPARED



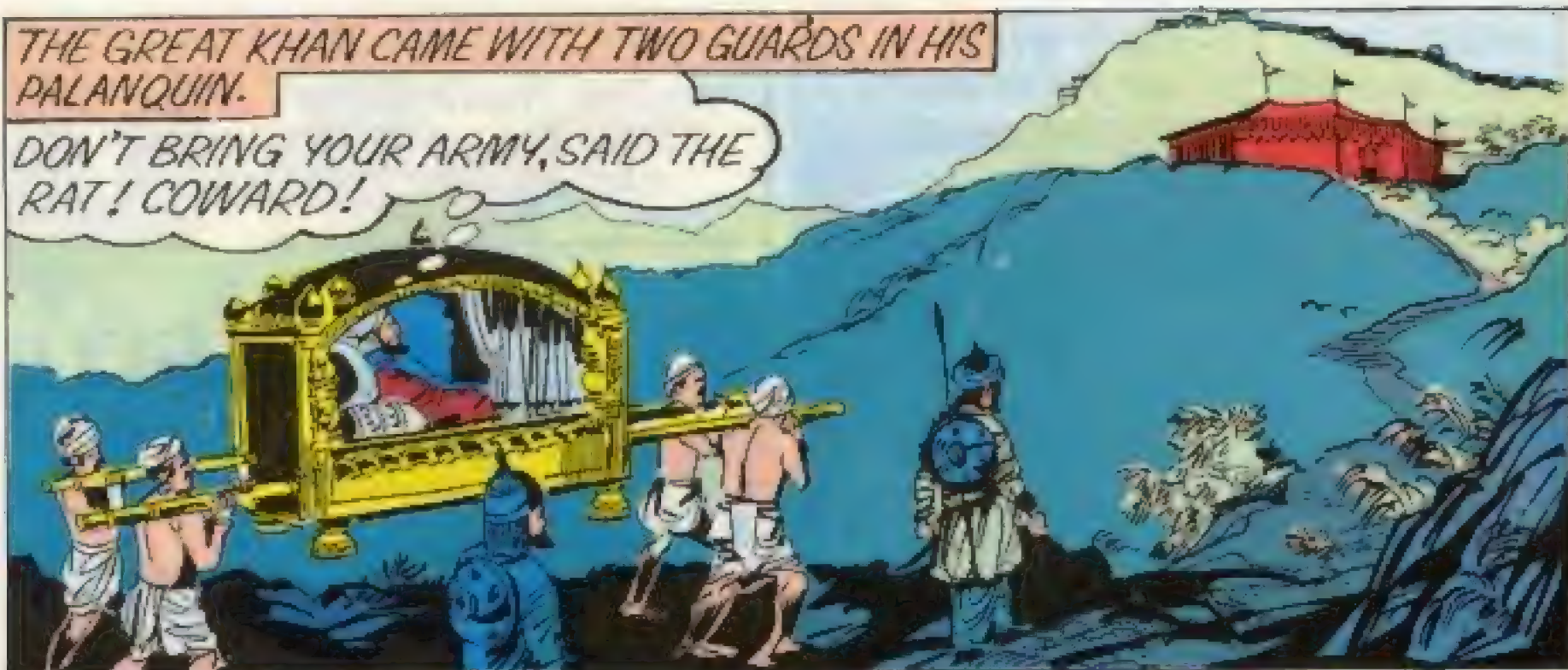
SHIVAJI WORE ARMOUR INSIDE HIS DRESS. HE PRAYED TO GODDESS  
BHAVANI.





THE GREAT KHAN CAME WITH TWO GUARDS IN HIS PALANQUIN.

DON'T BRING YOUR ARMY, SAID THE RAT! COWARD!



SHIVAJI WENT DOWN TO MEET THE KHAN WITH ONLY TWO GUARDS.



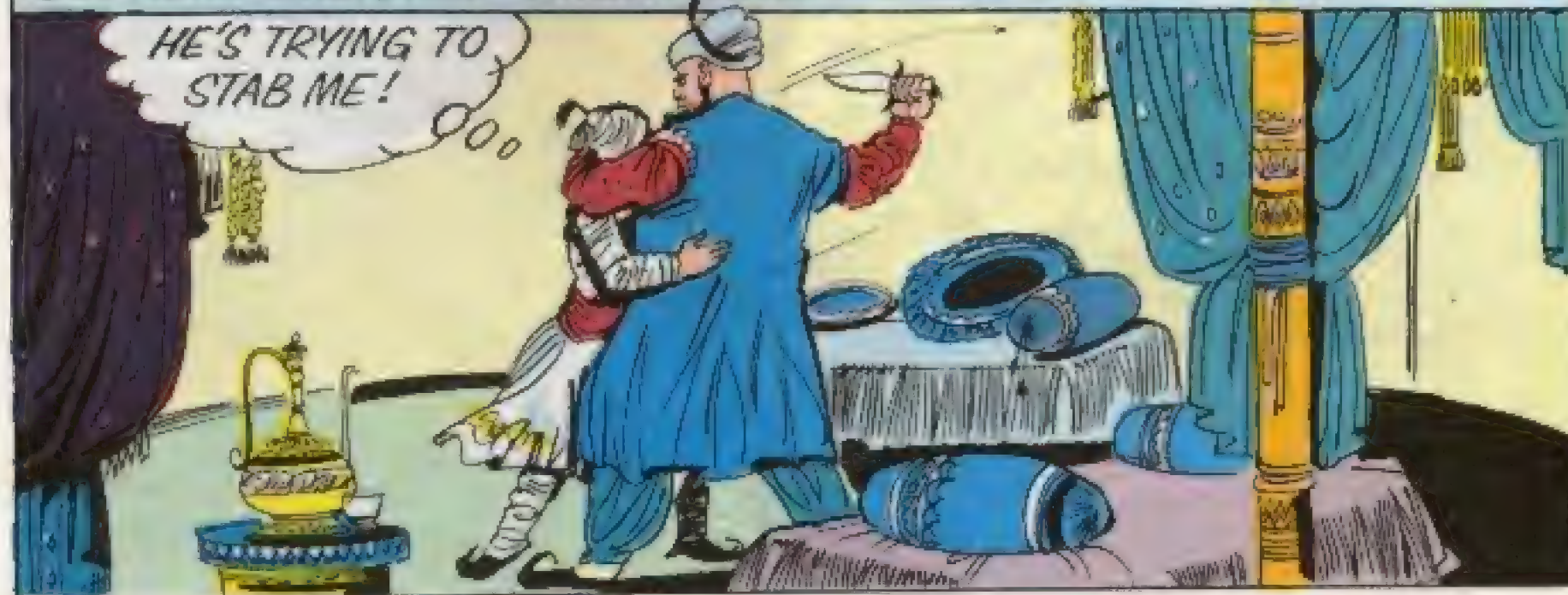
YOUR  
END IS  
NEAR!

COME, MY  
SON.



BUT AS HE EMBRACED SHIVAJI WITH A GREAT SHOW OF LOVE—

HE'S TRYING TO  
STAB ME!





SHIVAJI SEIZED THE KNIFE WITH HIS LEFT HAND AND RAISED HIS RIGHT HAND.



THE TIGER CLAWS ON SHIVAJI'S FINGERS PIERCED THE KHAN'S STOMACH.





THEN, AS THE WOUNDED KHAN STAGGERED OUT—



THE KHAN  
IS DEAD !

LONG LIVE  
SHIVAJI  
MAHARAJ !



SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE JUNGLE THAT SURROUNDED THE FORT,  
WAVE AFTER WAVE OF MARATHA SOLDIERS POURED OUT—  
RAISING THEIR WAR CRY.



HAR HAR MAHADEO !



THE BATTLE THAT FOLLOWED LASTED TILL SUNSET.

THEY ARE  
RUNNING  
AWAY!

VICTORY IS OURS!



THERE WAS JUBILATION ALL AROUND.

WHAT DO WE DO  
WITH THE KHAN'S  
HEAD?

BURY  
IT ALONG  
WITH HIS BODY  
WITH FULL  
HONOURS.

WHAT A NOBLE  
MAN! HE DOESN'T  
WISH TO  
DISHONOUR  
A FALLEN  
ENEMY.





THAT WAS A NEAR  
ESCAPE, MY DEAR  
SON. THE BATTLE  
HAS ENDED,  
HASN'T IT ?

YES, MOTHER.  
AND MUCH  
WEALTH TOO  
HAS FALLEN IN  
OUR HANDS.



IT WAS SHIVAJI'S HOUR OF  
VICTORY, AND HE TOOK FULL  
ADVANTAGE OF IT.

WE SHALL  
UNDERTAKE AN  
IMMEDIATE  
CAMPAIGN.



IT WAS A WHIRLWIND CAMPAIGN. IN THIRTEEN  
DAYS HE RODE OVER A THOUSAND MILES,  
EVERYWHERE DEFEATING THE ENEMY AND  
ENLARGING HIS KINGDOM.

FINALLY HE TOOK PANHALA,  
A FORT OF TREMENDOUS VALUE.  
AND THEN—

PANHALA IS  
OURS. BUT  
LOOK THERE,  
BAJI!

A SEA OF  
SOLDIERS  
HEADING  
TOWARDS  
US.

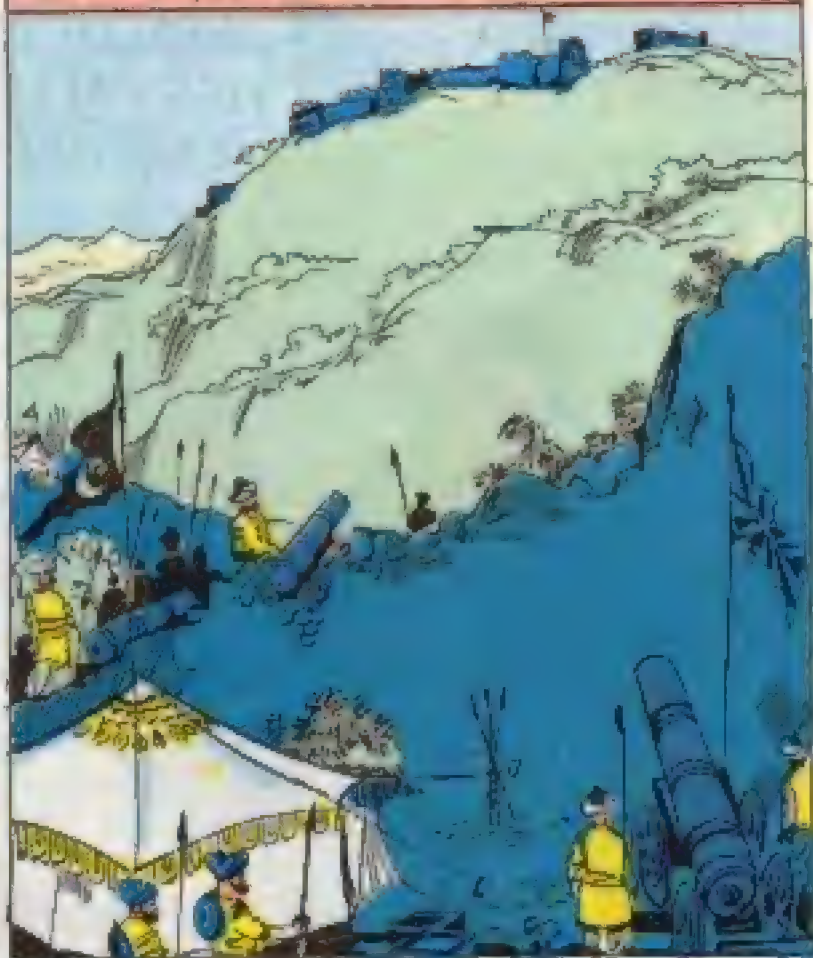




MAHARAJ, IT IS  
SIDDHI JOHAR,  
OUR ENEMY  
FROM THE  
SEA-COAST.

AND THE  
SEA-FARING  
ENGLISHMEN  
ARE HELPING  
HIM!

THE SIDDHI'S TROOPS  
SURROUNDED THEM. ALL  
EXITS WERE BLOCKED.



THE SIEGE WENT ON FOR MONTHS. THE MARATHAS DEFENDED THE  
FORT BRAVELY.

IT WILL RAIN ANY  
MOMENT  
NOW!



THE MONSOON BROKE WITH FULL FURY.

HOW LONG CAN WE  
GO ON LIKE  
THIS?

I MUST BE  
TACTFUL  
NOW.





RUMOURS SPREAD. IN THE EVENING -

SHIVAJI IS THINKING  
OF GIVING UP  
THE FORT!

GOOD! AFTER THIS  
WE WILL TURN TO  
VISHALGADH!



BUT THAT NIGHT -

THEY SAY,  
SHIVAJI HAS  
FLED THE  
FORT.



SHIVAJI HAD INDEED LEFT THE FORT. WITH A THOUSAND SELECT SOLDIERS, HE WAS MAKING HIS WAY TO VISHALGADH - THROUGH RAIN AND THUNDER.

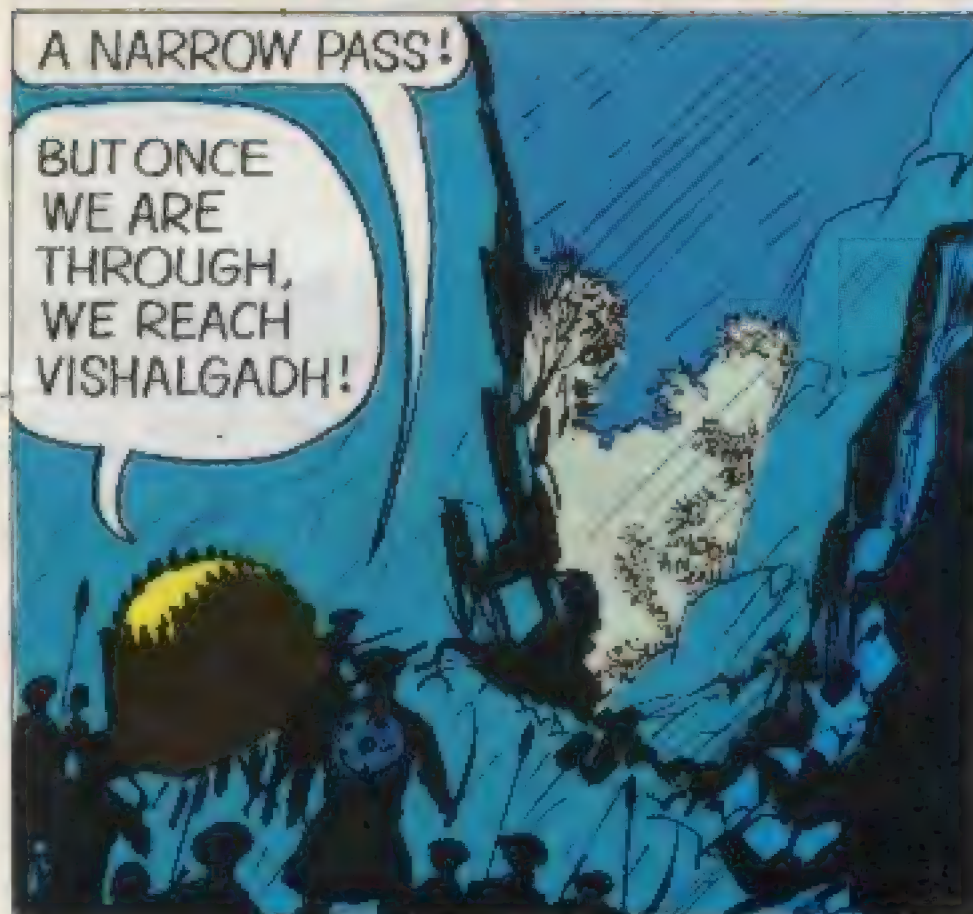
ARE THEY ON THE ALERT?

YES SIR, WE ARE  
BEING  
CHASED!



A NARROW PASS!

BUT ONCE  
WE ARE  
THROUGH,  
WE REACH  
VISHALGADH!



GO AHEAD,  
MASTER. WE WILL  
REMAIN HERE  
TO DEFEND  
THE PASS.

YOU ARE  
A GREAT  
SOLDIER,  
BAJI!





WITH HARDLY SIX HUNDRED MARATHAS UNDER HIM, BAJI FOUGHT THE ENEMY BRAVELY, BUT ALAS...

THIS SHOULD KILL HIM!



BAJI'S WOUND WAS FATAL.

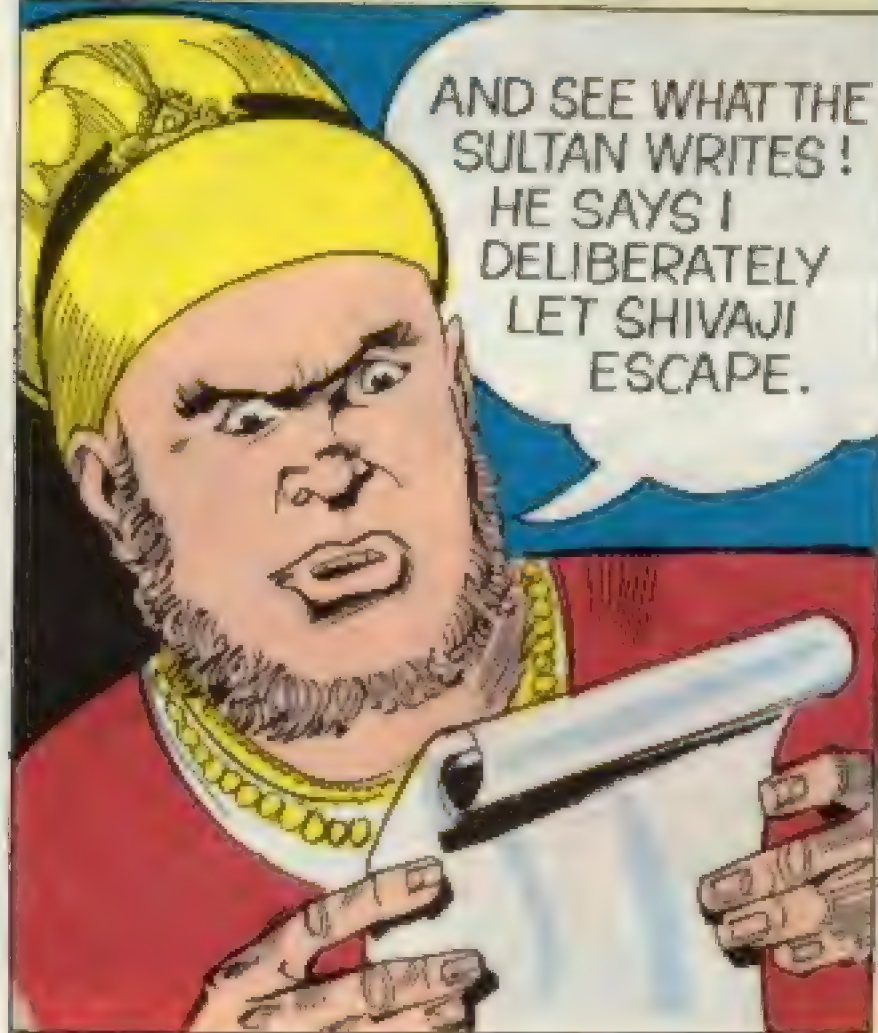
THE CANNON BOOMS FROM A DISTANCE! THAT MEANS THE MASTER HAS REACHED VISHALGADH!

I MAY NOW DIE IN PEACE!



AT PANHALA THE SIDDHI JOHAR'S ANGER KNEW NO BOUNDS!

AND SEE WHAT THE SULTAN WRITES! HE SAYS I DELIBERATELY LET SHIVAJI ESCAPE.



THOUGH THE SIDDHI DID NOT KNOW IT, THERE WERE VERY FEW GUARDS AT PANHALA. SHIVAJI DID NOT WANT THEM TO DIE UNNECESSARILY. SO HE ORDERED THE FORT TO BE HANDED OVER!

AN EMPTY FORT! WHAT CAN I DO WITH IT?

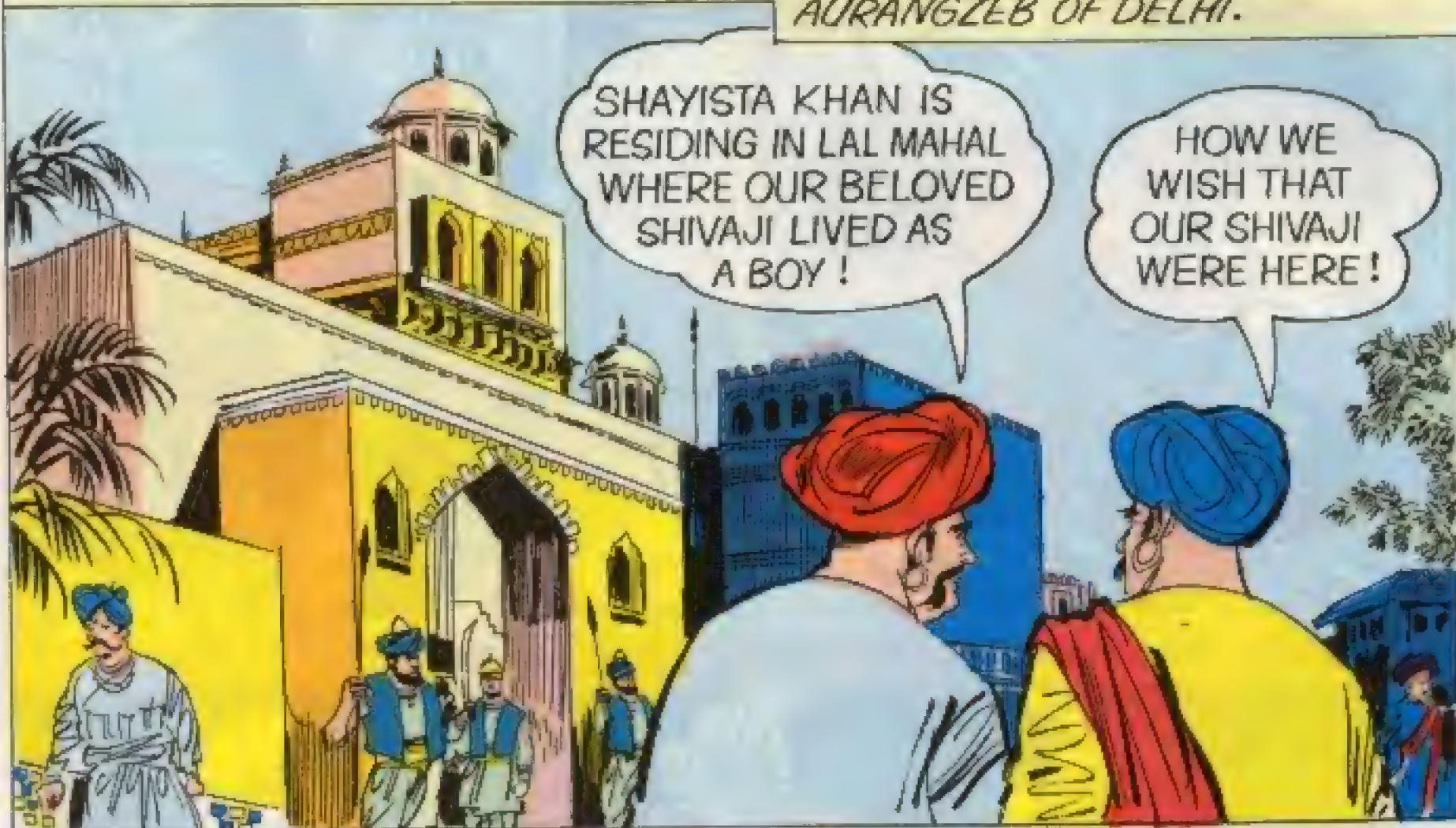




BY THE TIME SHIVAJI RETURNED FROM VISHALGADH, A STILL MORE POWERFUL ENEMY WAS OCCUPYING POONA — SHAYISTA KHAN, THE UNCLE OF EMPEROR AURANGZEB OF DELHI.

SHAYISTA KHAN IS RESIDING IN LAL MAHAL WHERE OUR BELOVED SHIVAJI LIVED AS A BOY !

HOW WE WISH THAT OUR SHIVAJI WERE HERE !



SHAYISTA KHAN HAD POSTED ARMED GUARDS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.

OH ! A MARRIAGE PROCESSION? LET IT PASS !



AS SOON AS THE 'MARRIAGE PROCESSION' REACHED LAL MAHAL —

ATTACK !





ROOM AFTER ROOM WAS SEARCHED ...



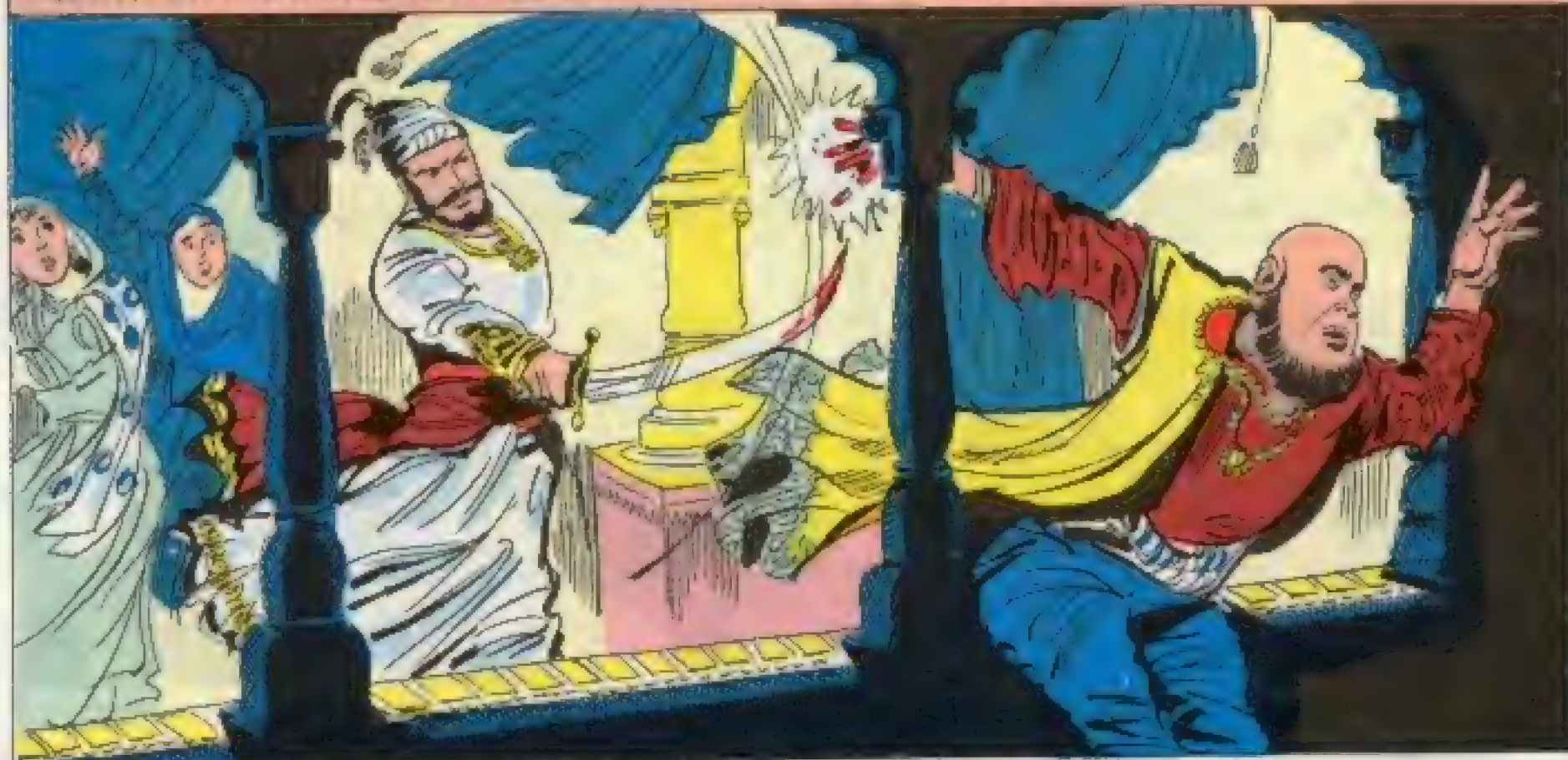
...TILL AT LAST—

HEAVENS!  
IT'S  
SHIVAJI!

THERE  
GOES THE  
KHAN!



SHAYISTA KHAN ESCAPED, BUT MINUS THREE FINGERS!



THE INCIDENT SHOOK SHAYISTA  
KHAN TERRIBLY.



THAT  
SHIVAJI —  
COMES AND  
GOES LIKE  
A GHOST!



SHIVAJI WAS LEFT IN PEACE FOR  
SOME TIME - BUT...

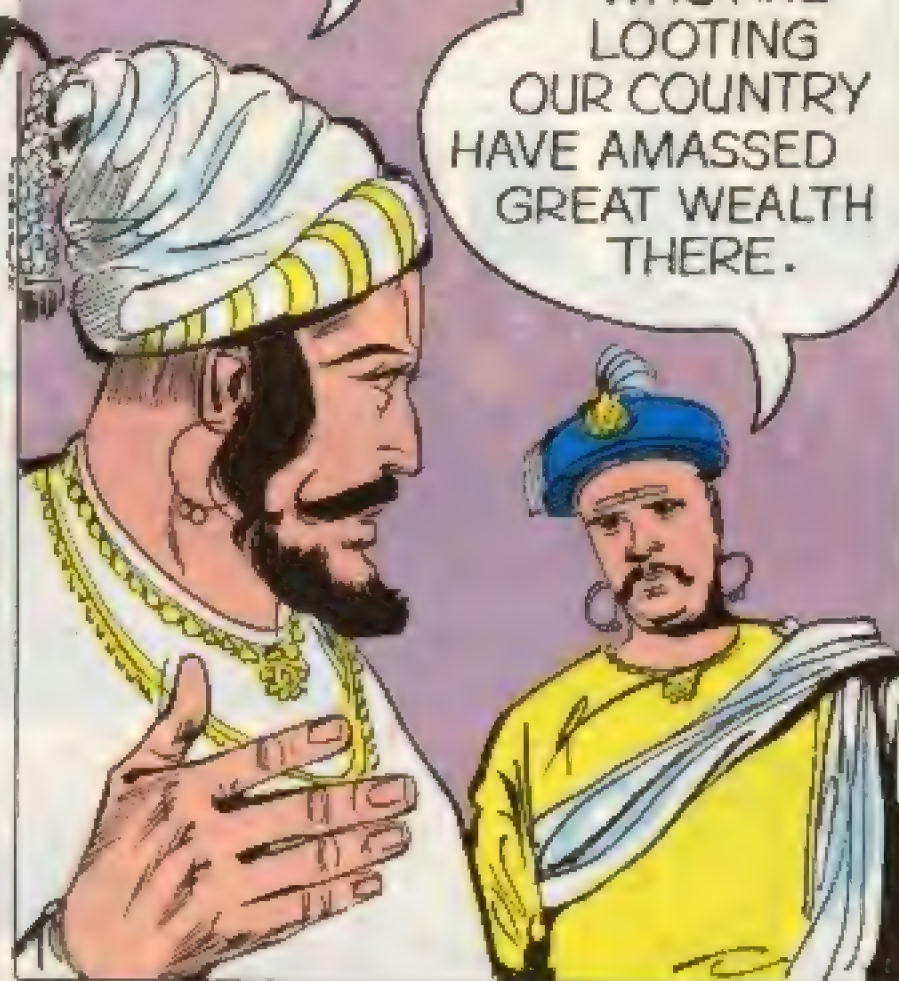
WE CAN HAVE NO  
PEACE TILL  
COMPLETE FREE-  
DOM IS OURS!

WHAT WE NEED  
IS MONEY,  
MAHARAJ.  
WARS ARE  
COSTLY.



MY SPIES TELL ME,  
THERE IS MONEY  
IN SURAT.

YES. THE  
ENGLISHMEN  
WHO ARE  
LOOTING  
OUR COUNTRY  
HAVE AMASSED  
GREAT WEALTH  
THERE.



IT IS ALSO  
AURANGZEB'S  
PRESTIGE PORT.



TO SURAT  
WE GO!





SHIVAJI'S ATTACK ON SURAT WAS AS SWIFT AS LIGHTNING.



FOR FOUR DAYS HE  
'SACKED' THE CITY.

DON'T ROB  
THE POOR!

AND ABOVE ALL DON'T  
HARASS THE  
WOMEN!



THEY RETURNED AS  
QUICKLY AS THEY  
HAD COME.

AURANGZEB WAS ALARMED.

HE MUST BE CRUSHED! RAJA  
JAI SINGH, YOU ARE OUR MOST  
POWERFUL NOBLE. GO AND  
DEFEAT SHIVAJI.

AS YOUR  
MAJESTY  
ORDERS.



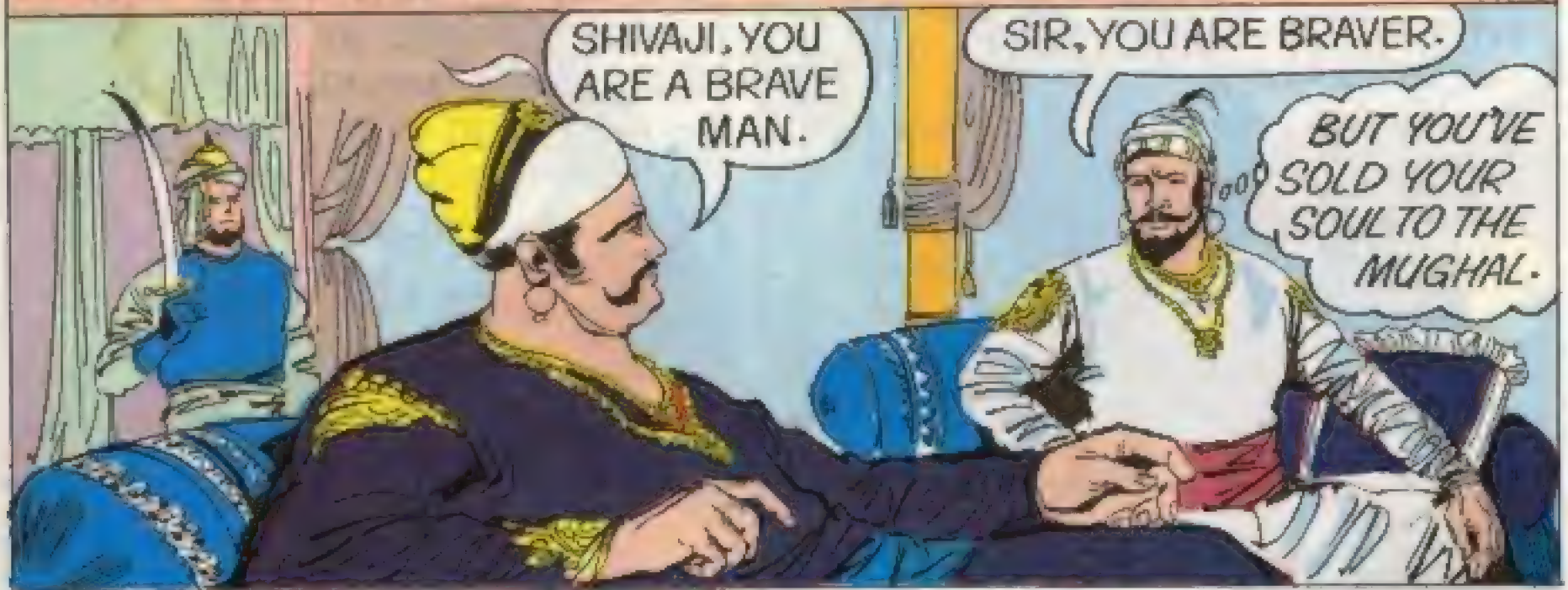


RAJA JAI SINGH MOVED WITH HIS NEW ITALIAN-TRAINED ARTILLERY.  
HE TOOK FORT AFTER FORT...



THIS IS THE HEROIC  
FORT PURANDAR...  
ATTACK!

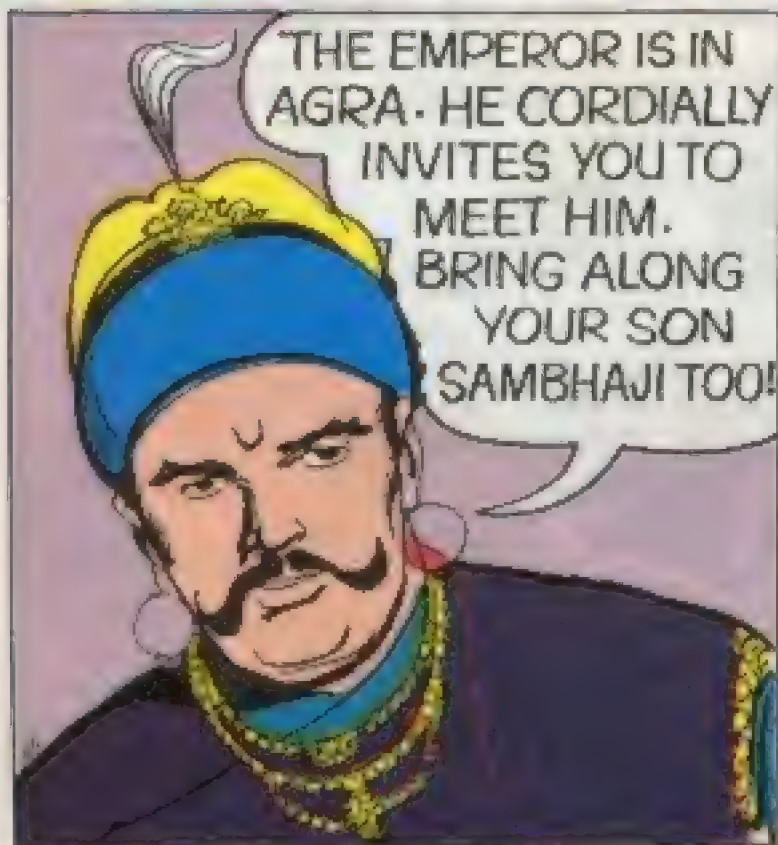
...TILL SHIVAJI HAD TO MAKE TEMPORARY PEACE WITH JAI SINGH.



SHIVAJI, YOU  
ARE A BRAVE  
MAN.

SIR, YOU ARE BRAVER.

BUT YOU'VE  
SOLD YOUR  
SOUL TO THE  
MUGHAL.



THE EMPEROR IS IN  
AGRA. HE CORDIALLY  
INVITES YOU TO  
MEET HIM.  
BRING ALONG  
YOUR SON  
SAMBHAJI TOO!



WHAT GUARANTEE  
IS THERE OF MY  
SAFETY?

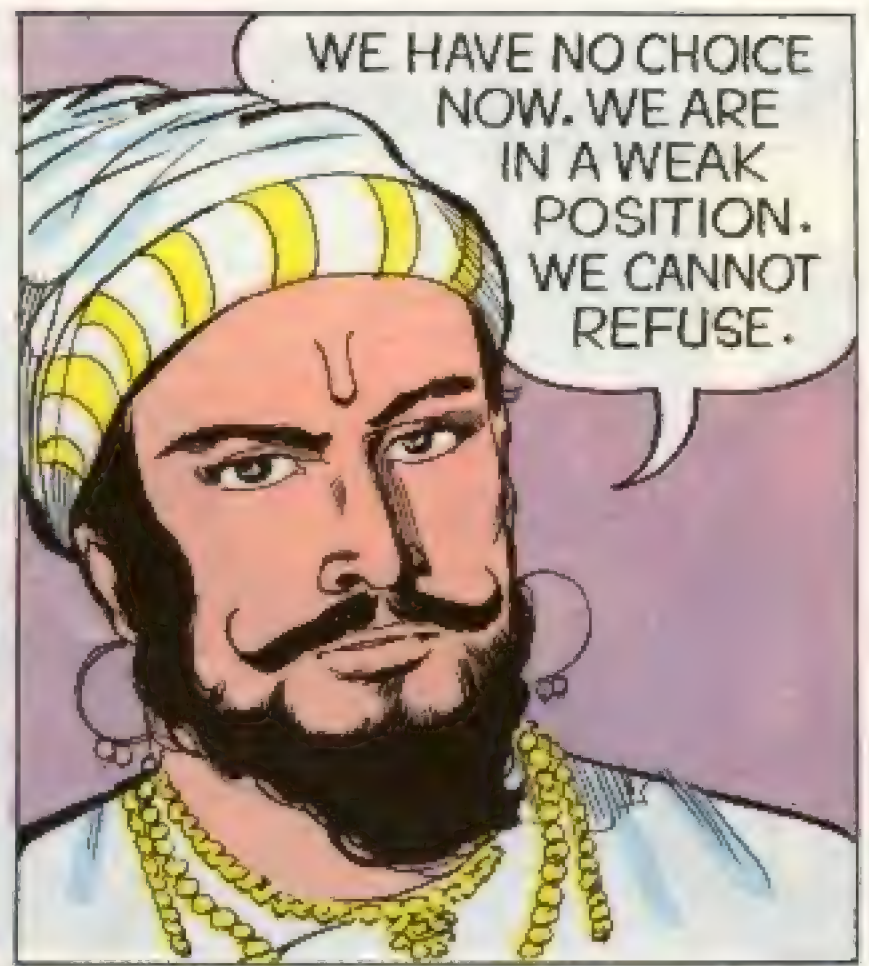
LEAVE THAT TO ME.  
I LOOK UPON YOU AS  
MY SON! AND THE EM-  
PEROR MEANS  
WELL.





WE DON'T LIKE THIS, MAHARAJ.

HOW COULD YOU RELY ON JAI SINGH'S WORD?



WE HAVE NO CHOICE NOW. WE ARE IN A WEAK POSITION. WE CANNOT REFUSE.



MY SON RAM SINGH WILL LOOK AFTER YOU IN AGRA.



I AGREE, SIR.

MY ONLY WORRY IS FOR MY PEOPLE. MY MINISTERS, YOU MUST ALWAYS CARE FOR THEIR WELFARE.



FOR TWO MONTHS THE PARTY TRAVELLED. AND WHEREVER THEY WENT, PEOPLE LOOKED ON IN WONDER...

THERE HE IS! THE GREAT SHIVAJI.

HE IS GOING TO MEET THE EMPEROR.

HOPE THEY'VE NOT SET A TRAP FOR HIM THERE!



AT LAST—

WELCOME TO AGRA! THIS IS YOUR GUEST HOUSE.

WHY THE GUARD?

IN YOUR HONOUR AND FOR YOUR SAFETY, SIR!

NEXT DAY—

SO, YOU ARE RAM SINGH?

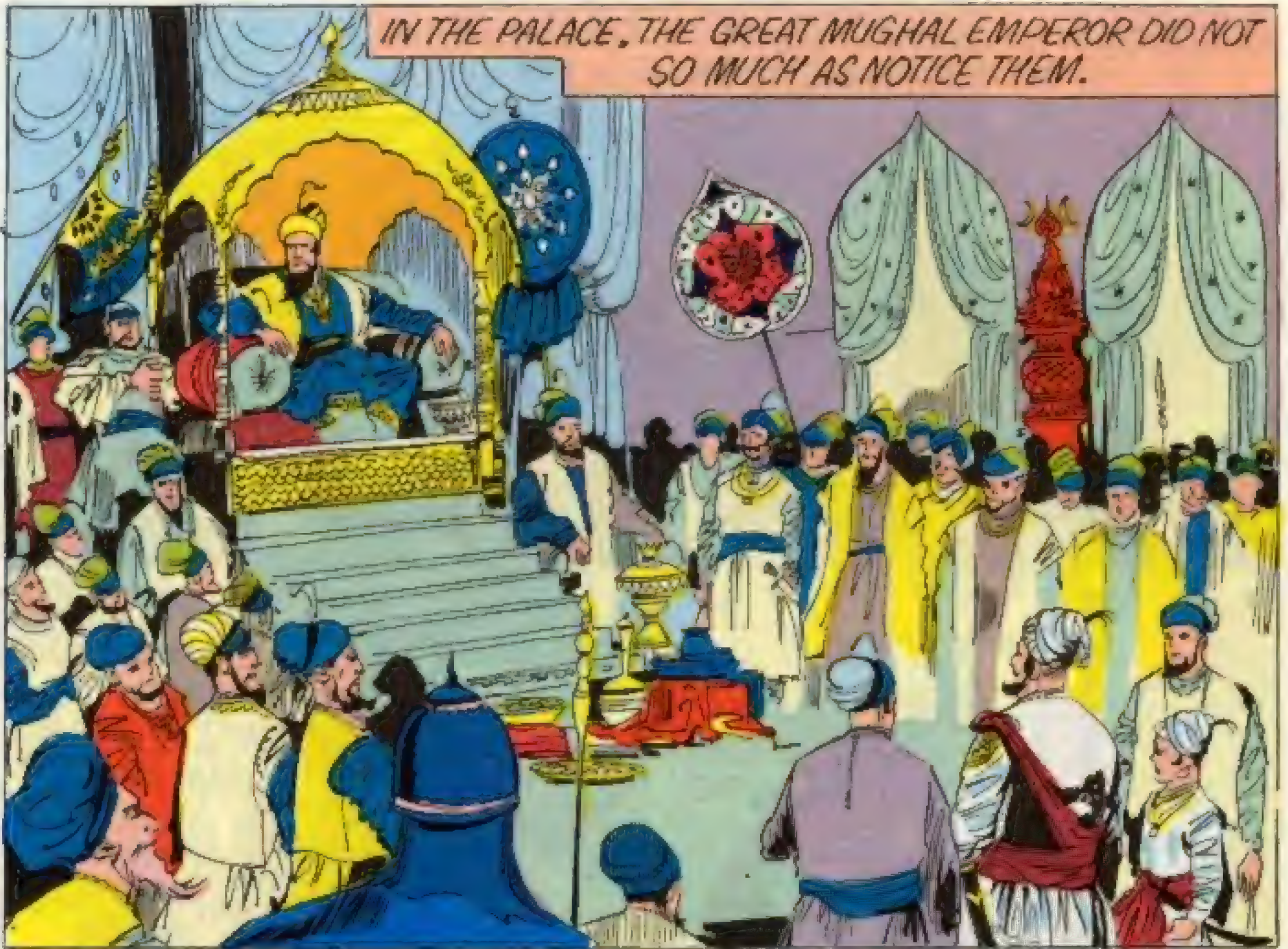
YES SIR. TODAY IS THE EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY. THERE WILL BE A GRAND DURBAR TO WHICH YOU ARE INVITED.

THE FATHER AND SON LEFT FOR THE DURBAR WITH MIXED FEELINGS.





IN THE PALACE, THE GREAT MUGHAL EMPEROR DID NOT  
SO MUCH AS NOTICE THEM.



THEY WERE ASKED TO STAND WITH A  
GROUP OF LOW-RANKING OFFICERS.



DID YOU NOTICE THAT, FATHER?  
THE EMPEROR  
HAS HONoured  
OTHERS WITH  
PRESENTS. HE  
IS IGNORING  
US!

SHIVAJI FLUSHED  
WITH ANGER.

THIS IS AN INSULT! HE IS  
HONOURING THE MAN WHOM  
I DEFEATED.





HE RUSHED OUT IN A RAGE.

PLEASE ...

NOT A WORD!



SHIVAJI'S REACTION SURPRISED THE EMPEROR.

STRANGE MAN! CALL HIM TOMORROW. I'LL HONOUR HIM AND HIS SON TOO.



BUT IT WAS TOO LATE.

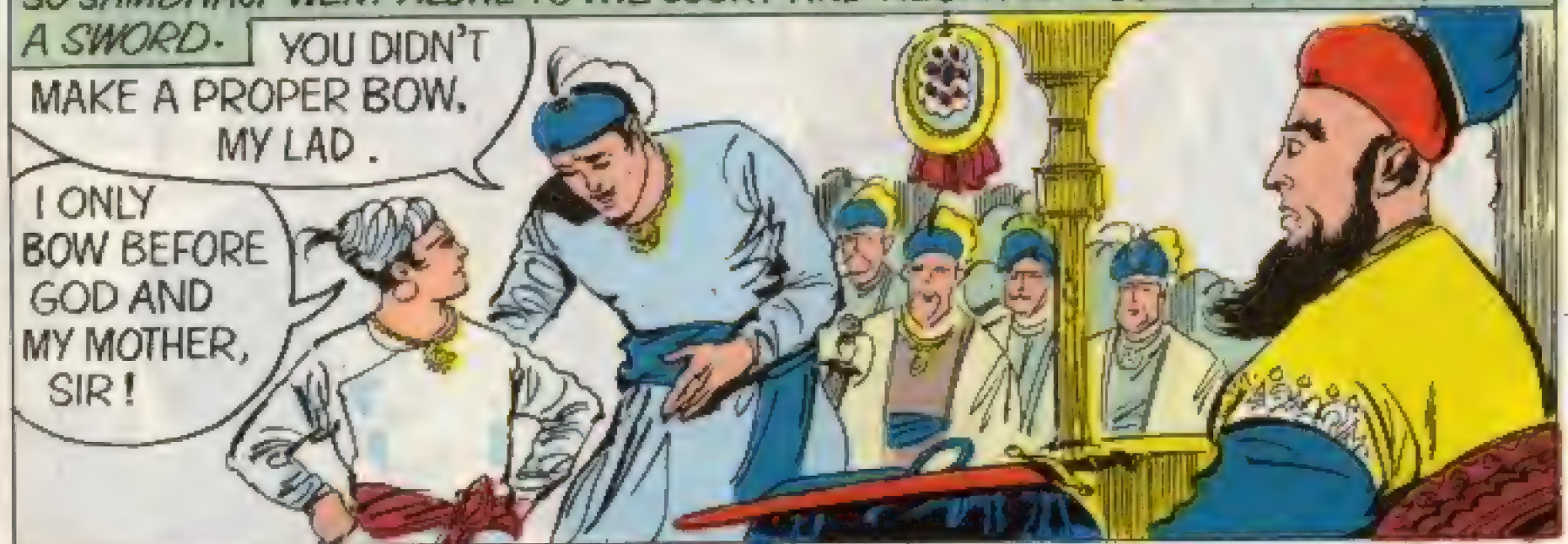
TELL THE EMPEROR, I HAVE FEVER. I CAN'T COME.



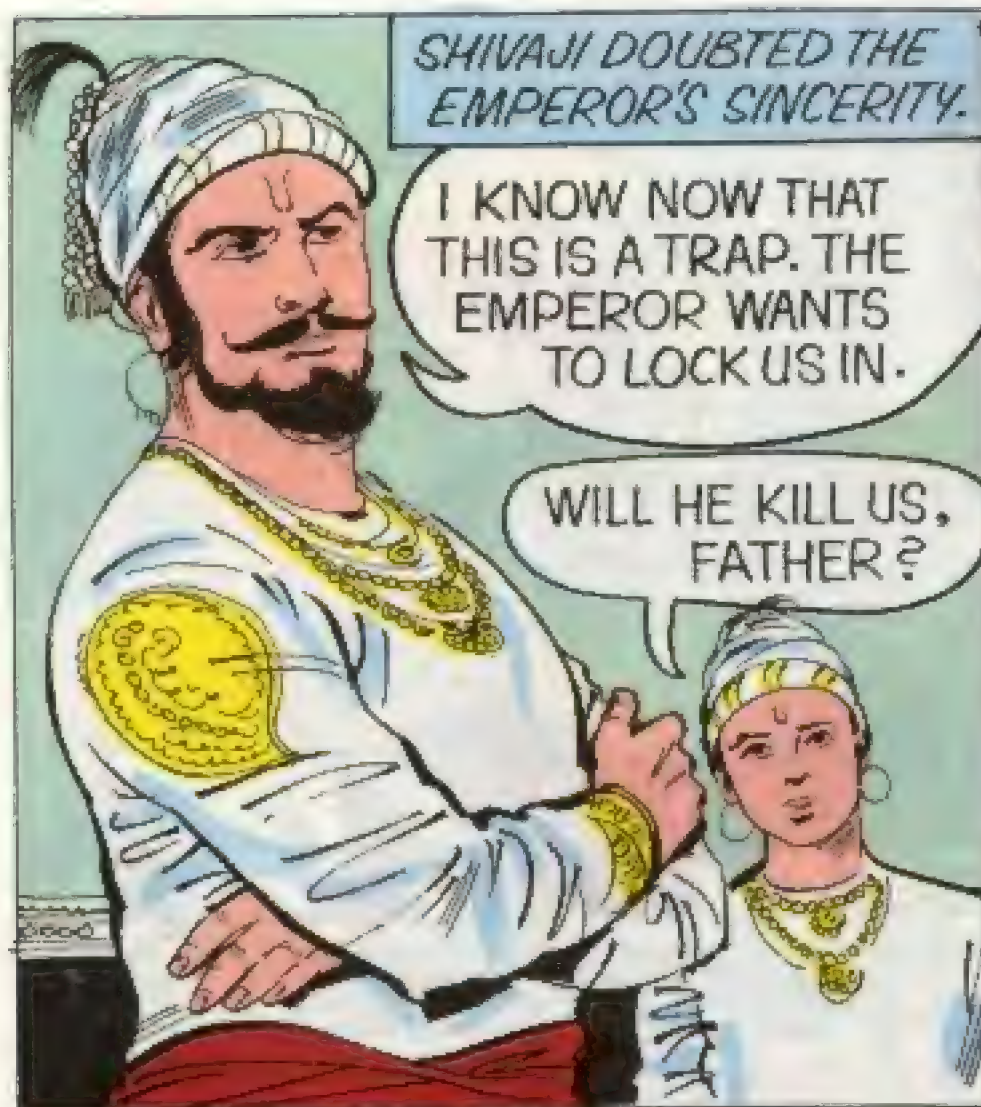
SO SAMBHAJI WENT ALONE TO THE COURT AND RECEIVED ROBES OF HONOUR AND A SWORD.

YOU DIDN'T MAKE A PROPER BOW, MY LAD.

I ONLY BOW BEFORE GOD AND MY MOTHER, SIR!











ONE MORNING THE BASKETS  
CONTAINED SOMETHING ELSE.



THE WATCHMEN DID NOT EVEN  
GLANCE AT THE BASKETS.





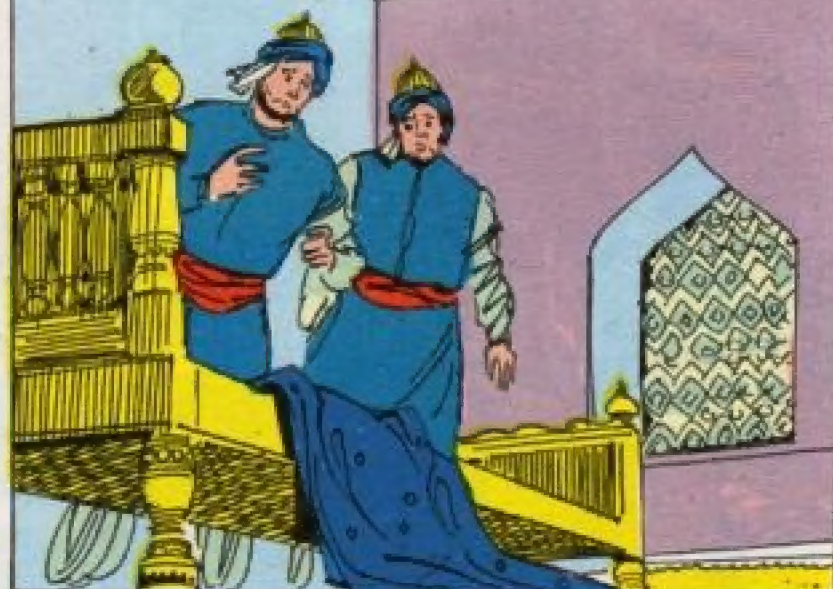
LATER —

HAVE YOU SEEN SHIVAJI AND SAMBHAJI ?

I SAW THEM A MOMENT AGO. THEY ARE FAST ASLEEP.



MY GOD !  
THERE'S  
NOBODY  
THERE !



AURANGZEB FLARED UP IN ANGER.

YOU HAVE ALLOWED SHIVAJI  
TO ESCAPE ! YOU SHALL BE  
BEHEADED FOR THIS.



HORSEMEN WERE DISPATCHED IN ALL DIRECTIONS, BUT SHIVAJI COULD NOT BE FOUND.





MEANWHILE, IN A LONELY SPOT—



CHANGING HIS DISGUISE EVERY NOW AND THEN, SHIVAJI MANAGED TO ESCAPE TO THE SOUTH. EVERYWHERE PEOPLE HELPED HIM.



HE REACHED HOME SAFELY.





A FEW YEARS AFTER HIS DARING ESCAPE FROM AGRA, SHIVAJI WAS CROWNED KING AT A GRAND CEREMONY AT RAIGADH.

MY SON, THIS IS THE DAY I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR !

A PEOPLE'S KING !

AS LONG AS FREEDOM IS CHERISHED, HIS NAME WILL SHINE AND INSPIRE MILLIONS.



AS A KING HE RULED ONLY FOR FIVE YEARS; BUT THE MARATHA POWER WHICH HE HAD BUILT, FLOURISHED FOR MANY YEARS AFTER HIM.





## Illustrated Classics From India

### Shivaji

During the seventeenth century, the Mughals reigned supreme over Northern and Central India. In the Deccan endless battles went on between other kings like Adil Shah of Bijapur and chiefs like the Nawab of Janjira. The common man suffered at the hands of the officers as well as the marauding Khans and Sardars. Even the zeal of such fighting races as the Rajputs had been suppressed by centuries of slavery under Mughal rule. Many of them had become mere puppets, holding posts of honour under their royal masters.

At such a period was Shivaji born. He was the son of an incredibly brave father and a wise and loving mother. These two and a teacher named Dadoji were the moulding influences on Shivaji's character. The boy showed an uncommon understanding of the happenings around him. The wicked deeds of the ruling class made him angry and restless. The flame of freedom burnt in the little boy's heart. He collected around him a band of devoted followers and as they grew up they swore to throw off the yoke of alien rule.

How Shivaji carried out his ambitious plans with success, is told in pictures in the following pages.

**Editor: Anant Pai**

**Script: B.R. Bhagwat   Illustrations: Pratap Mulick**

**Cover: Pratap Mulick**

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